1911.k.26.

FAMILIAR

EPISTLE

To the Right Reverend the

Ld. Bp. of BANGOR.

Hoc erat (experto frustra Varrone *Atacino*
Atq; quibusdam alijs) melius quod scribere possem.

Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Chetwood, at *Cato's-Head* (the *Post-House*) in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1720.

EPISTLE

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LONDON:

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at Cato's-Head (the

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.

My *LORD*,

SINCE Epic Strains no more are heard;
Nor Vertue, lately, has appear'd
In long-ſpun Fable: Since no God
Works Wonders, Now, in Epiſode:
But Poets write (as Doctors ſtore
By Chymic Skill) in Miniature:
Since Pages Few, of flowing Wit,
On merry Subjects, archly writ,
Out-rival all the Tales of Old,
By Strong-lung'd *Greek* or *Latin* told.
In ſhort, my Lord, ſince Folio-Praiſe
Is thought unbred, in theſe our Days;

And

And since a Table (for of Love)
Is sooner pen'd, and publish'd both:
Accept the humble Verse I chuse;
A Wakening to some sprightlier Muse:
Accept it from your faithful Friend;
The Love, which you create, I send.
I send you Health, I send you Praise;
And Length and Faustity of Days.
May every Year, may every Hour,
Honours and Blessings on you pour:
And when Good *Dur——m* sleeps in Peace,
O! may you Bless the Diocese.

Knowledge Extensive, Useful, New:
A Head so Clear, a Heart so True:
Vertue embody'd! a whole Life, in
For Liberty, one glorious Strife:
Talents like These, let all Men know it,
Deserve a Better *See* and Poet.

Whilst I, my Lord, deceive my Time
With *Milton*'s Blank, or *Welsted*'s Rhime:

Whilst

Whilſt I my Hours employ,
And feel no Cares, without a Joy;
Whilſt deep in Lore and Learned Text,
I'm oft enlightned, oft perplext;
Whilſt *Clemens* and his Friends, awhile,
In Facts I trace, or fift in Stile;
Plodding to Sleep my Penſive Mind,
One Truth, in Houls, explained to find.
Or whilſt I rouze to Life again,
With *Horace*, *Lucan*, or *Montagne*.
Or ſtill give Gayer Pleaſures Birth,
Court Muſic, Wit, and Living Mirth;
And upon all of theſe refine
With *Atticus* and Generous Wine,

I ſay, with Negligence and Eaſe,
Whilſt much I ſtrive myſelf to pleaſe;
More Uniform and Rigid you
Your unremitted Toils purſue;

Make Mankind's Good your ſole Delight;
Your Morning Thought; your Care at Night.

But, ſince, my Lord, our *Holy War*
Is ending, juſt as others are:
Or, ſince this War, much like the *Flemmiſh*,
Wants only ONE CAMPAIGN to finiſh:
For which, in due Time, we ſhall look:
(You'l not be Caſhier'd like the DUKE.)

Since all your Foes, the ſmall, the great One,
This of the *Temple*, That of *Eaton*,
Quitting the Field, away have flown,
And humbly laid their Weapons down.
Since Thoſe, who Scandal were employ'd on,
From *Carliſle* Town to that of *Croydon*;
That is to ſay, from *South* to *North*,
Their Rage, in vain, have bluſter'd forth:
Since *Wor*—*r*'s Dean, who would be dabling,
Has paid full well for *Putney*-babling;

As *Joſeph Smith*, and half a Score,
Like *Att*——*y* heretofore,
Calamy, *Blackhall*, many more.

Since *Figulus*, if I can gueſs well,
Will ne'er repair his broken Veſſel:
And is thought neither wiſe nor nice,
To print ſuch Country, Stale Advice.
Since GEORGE's Schemes, with Power, o'erthrow
Each Lukewarm Friend, each Red-hot Foe;
And all is ſnug, and ſafe and quiet,
From *Weſtminſter* to *Warſaw-Diet*;
Nay, ſince the *Church* is far from Change, Sir,
And the Stage only was in Danger.

In Fine, my Lord, ſince *The Craft* fails,
And *Truth* and *Liberty* prevails;
Relieve your Mind, your Spirits ſpare:
Forget your Glory and your Care:

Bethink:

Bethink your Foes are fled,
Enjoy the Triumphs you have won,
Divide yourself amongst your Friends,
With which Advice my Letter ends.
Hopeing we ſpeedily ſhall meet,
Not without *Cl*——, in *G*—— Street.